Everything's for sale, said Praetorius.

Wrong, Johnny said without conviction.

There were unsubstantiated rumors that all Thing Street, the Asylum, Ground Zero, Yucca Flats, Oakridge, the Emile Durkheim Houses and Handy Havens, all the psychomes, doss-houses, and flops, even Johnny's book, were not only on the market, but were never off it, had changed hands half a dozen times in just the last year, but always the same hands, that played poker with Citizen Hearse and Chuck Handy, in the back room at the Sands.

With Anna Q. Nielsen, H.B. Warner, Buster Keaton....

A game of solitaire among multiple personalities of the same syndic.

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Trixie refused to acknowledge Johnny's presence....

Standing there with her arms crossed, making a delicate little moue like a cat's ass....

She came with Praetorius (again). To show she had a FRIEND. She met all her friends in THING stores. She met Praetorius in a bargain BASEMENT.

Remember my LITTLE FRIEND?

What's up, Doc?

Praetorius cringed and snarled like a wild animal. He circled around him. To get at his fanbacks and worship them....

He'd had enough of Johnny's harassment....

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Johnny exerted himself to show her things, which she totally ignored except to whine that she couldn't see them, or that what she saw made her want to go BLIND, the scratches made her ITCHY, etc....

Trixie kept nattering about SOLID wood. Johnny wanted to tell her that the only SOLID WOOD was her brain, and Praetorius's, which was FRUIT wood....

Trixie and LITTLE FRIEND scampered off seeking TALL DRESSERS at LOW PRICES....

She drooled over the mouth-watering THINGS. Foam-flecks filled the dimples of her ever-wagging jaws....

She was having an EPISODE....

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Now Trixie and Praetorius wanted to turn the Coffeeslimes into Walk-In Clinic Espresso Bars. Full of old Movie Queens from the MBC and the Sharke Institute....